FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About

Their Old Campaigns.

PEACH TREE CREEK.

Both Armles get Mixed up and "Pap' Thomas Comes to the Bescue. NOWING that your readers relish reminiscences of the late war, and which have not been made known

heretofore, I address myself to them at this time as a soldier of the Union army "mixed up" in the carnage I am about to relate upon the memorable field of Peach Tree Creek, in the Georgia campaign. Wednesday, July 20, 1864, found the lines of the Union army in front of Peach Tree Creek not everywhere complete. A gap of nearly two miles was held by the skirmish-lines of Newton's Division, of the Fourth Corps, and Col. Banning, of the 121st Ohio, of Palmer's (Twentieth) Corps; but how well they did it we shall presently see. The situation was a dangerous one, and Pap Thomas, with his accustomed wisdom and promptness, immediately commenced a series of movements for the purpose of closing this gap, and, as the sequel shows, statements of rebel prisoners made afterward revealed the fact that the enemy were sware of the existence of this gap, and were actually hanting to find it when they made the evening, but most providentially they failed to find it. Shortly after leaving the

works. The ground in front of the 89th was corps-Howard's, Palmer's, and Hooker's. In front of Hocker was a considerable space of open fields, beyond which, in the direction of Atlanta, were heavy forests. Immediately behind these three corps ran Peach Tree Creek, through open ground, with high ground open

About moon on the 20th Thomas's design of 89th, of Wood's Division, which would tend to shorten the line between Newton and Wood, The enemy made repeated efforts from noon till 2:30 o'clock to ascertain the position

did not fail to avail himself of.

of our forces. There was heavy skirmishing all deal with and the guards were doubled. along our front, as well as along the skirmishthe enemy's skirmishers, advancing as if to something was impending.

Our line had halted longer than was exthe advance when this appearance of the rebels ily-constructed works on the bill, and Hooker to march his troops at once from the low ground in front of him, so that he might connect with

Newton's right. from the high ground north of the stream all forth in a simultaneous peal of thunder. The rebel legions were pouring forth from the woods and pressing forward, rank behind rank, in startling and magnificent array, seemed resolved to crush at one blow whatever might oppose them. This spectacle the artillerists topon the clevated ground north of the creek could plainly see, but the infantry climbing up the hill on the south side could not. A push forward a skirmish-line, but charged at once in lines of battle two and three deep. a whirlward as they came rushing back, and came very near throwing Newton's extreme right into confusion that for the moment of Hooker's Corps, considerably in advance of both Williams and Ward, was struck by this overthrown. He was about to send them as-

rebel host a steady, uninterrupted, and deadly At this time the 89th Ill., of Wood's Division, under a withering fire from the enemy, while a couple of his batteries were directing drove them back, tearing in pieces their ranks rushed only to die or fall wounded and bleeding upon the sod. Not one inch did these gal- to dig a hole and plant him head down. lant regiments give, but advanced slowly and vinced that all was going well with Newton and flower of the rebel army. With the 89th Ill. that at once burst forth was such that no man could tell which portion of it was the roar of Both were surprised. My regiment (the 89th | C. 27th Iowa, Ovington, Ill. Ill.) and the balance of the Third Division scarcely knew that the enemy had emerged from the apposite woods, when they found themselves full in their presence. The rebels, disappointed elsewhere, supposed they had certainly reached their long-looked-for gap, but found instead a line of battle and a sheet of vindictive fire! Both lines instantly charged others' bosoms. They stood like brave heroes-

were struggling through a dense forest and striving to form connection with the balance of the old division, when suddenly the woods in tree had held

"A spirit prisoned in his breast, Which the first stroke of coming strife

Had startled into hideous life! The incident deserves more notice even than I have given it. So intense was the interest among our men to repel the rebels in our immediate front that they did not perceive a small column had passed around entirely to the left and had penetrated the right of that long line of weary skirmishers, which I have slinded to as alone holding the huge gap between Newton and Wood until they heard the noise of conflict immediately in their rear. Pap Thomas was overlooking the progress of the fierce fight. The moment he perceived the body of rebels he hastily got together a force consisting of the pioneers and the straggling skirmishers who had fled before the first rebel onset and a couple of pieces of artillery. Taking immediate personal command of this novel battalion he assailed the astonished rebels, and killed or captured the entire body.

Although the Union army lost but about 3,000 killed and wounded in this engagement | premium a handsome G.A.R. badge for the best there is much of interesting and momentous history connected with it. Here the famous febel commander, Joe E. Johnston, was deprived was placed at the head of Bragg's old veteraus. Thomas and Schofield, and with desperate No humbug, no deception. Address Charles promptness attempted to throw his massed | Gaus, Marshall, Mich.

strength into it, but met Hooker and defeat Had he succeeded he would have struck right and left in detail. Schofield was virtually cut off, but the foolish intrepidity of the rebel freebooter failed to see his chance, and he let it slip, and therefore the battle of Peach Tree Creek virtually gave us Atlanta. And although the Union forces were in a terrible melee in this peculiarly-fought engagement, the failure of Kenesaw Mountain was redeemed here, and the prestige of the heroic but dashing freebooter Hood was broken with his first blow in and around Atlanta .- I. K. Young, Sergeant Co. H. 89th Ill., Bristol, Ill.

THE GUERRILLA COLE. What a Comrade Remembers of the Hang-

ing of this Desperado. N article in the issue of July 7 from A H. B. Booth, Co. H. 27th Iowa, Mona, Iowa, gave an account of the capture and subsequent hanging of Shelby Cole, the guerrilla and spy. Comrade Booth is about correct, as far as he goes, but don't get all that occurred by considerable. I am not able to give dates from memory, and having lost my memoranda will not attempt it; but, as the comrade said, we disembarked from cars at the station north of Iron Mountain, I think, about noon and went into camp. I don't remember what troops were along besides the 27th Iowa. Pickets were thrown out, besides a camp-guard. Along in the afternoon a man wearing a farmer's suit of blue jeans, minus coat, came into camp, and, if I am correct in my memory, he was suspected of being a spy and was ordered arrested by Col. James I. Gilbert, of the 27th Iowa. He was taken to an old barn close to where the 27th kad pitched their tents. Serg't Treat, of Co. E, 27th Iowa, their furious assault upon the Union forces in had charge of the guards. There were two brothers belonging to Co. H of the above regiment, whose names I have forgotten; the south branch of Peach Tree Creek the ground others, if there were others, I don't remember. begins to rise. A prolonged stretch of high | This farmer proved to be Shelby Cole, the spy. ground extends thus all along the creek to the Cole objected to our army style of living, and river, forming a ridge, cut now and then with especially to eating hardtack and sowbelly, and deep ravines. In front of where the 89th Ill. asked to be escorted to a farmhouse a short dislay was a sent of broken tableland, and to the tauce from the guard-house, and Col. Gilbert, left were two considerable initis. On this range | who was a very warm-hearted man, gratified of hights was the enemy's principal line of his desire, and Serg't Treat sent a Corporal and one private to see that no harm came to our densely wooded, and was also wooded to the new boarder. Mr. Cole got a good square meal extreme left. Here then were stationed three that night and, like a gentleman, walked back to his lodgings. I don't know whether he was provided with a feather bed or not, but I suppose that he had as good as any of the boys that guarded his unconscious hours.

In the morning, at the usual hour for breakfast, Cole was leisurely taken to the farmstill farther back, and furnishing splendid po- house, a single guard walking in front of the sitions for Union batteries, which Pap Thomas prisoner with his gun thrown over his shoulder. When about half way Cole grabbed the gun and attempted to shoot the guard, but the percusclosing up this gap culminated in an order to | sion cap happened to be damp, so that the gun Newton's Division to prepare to advance from | didn't go off. Cole then threw the gun down the bank of the creek, in order to relieve the and ran for dear life. Several pistol-shots were fired after him, but without effect. He ran into the pickets and was halted and brought back to camp. The officers began to think that they had got a pretty desperate character to

line, which, stretching across the great gap. flat cars bound north in the direction that we very courteous to all inferiors in rank, unless feet of the wall. connected the left of Newton with the right of | came from the day before. Company C was on | enraged at wilful neglect or disobedience, when Wood. Then came that memorable full, which a car in the rear of the one that carried the he sometimes became a tornado. The jealousy was temporary and short. It was 3:30 when prisoner and the guards. Between De Soto Comrade Brown and others speak of is all in reconneiter, gave unmistakable notice that river with a high and quite long bridge. The jealous? They could not displace him, while train stopped at the south side of the river for quite a while, I should say about 10 or 11 | ing. pected, and was just upon the point of resuming o'clock at night, as was supposed, to reconnoiter and find out whether our retreat was being awful tragedy occurred.

After Serg't Treat had taken off his overcoat to protect that wicked fiend, he was murdered by Cole rising up and cutting the Sergeant's The order to advance was scarcely given when | throat from ear to ear, and then in lightning swiftness plunging the knife into the two Hooker's batteries and part of Howard's broke | brothers of Co. H that I mentioned at the commencement of this account. The oldest of the two brothers had his right eye gonged out by beyond the open fields at the top of the ridge, Cole and the other he slashed down the back. It is strange I can't recall the names of these brothers. They were from Quasqueton, Iowa, and I knew them well before the war.

Now, then, for something that I have not seen mentioned yet in all that I have seen published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. After Cole had done his deadly work and jumped moment later and a savage yell upon the left, from the car there were several shots fired at followed by the clang and clatter of 10,000 mus- random without effect, but some cool-headed kets, announced that Newton's forces had been | comrade, to avoid shooting some of our own assailed by the foe. The enemy did not wait to men, turned on the rascal with the butt of his gun and knocked him down. He was thrown onto the car, and as poor Serg't Treat was dead, Our skirmishers in the advance gave way like | George N. Whait, of Co. C. was detailed to take charge of the guards.

In a short time the signal was given for the train to start. Mind you, this dreadful tragedy caused it to give way. Here Geary's Division, was all done in midnight darkness, as there was no moon at the time. We had to pass through a tunnel I should think about halfway berushing storm and temporarily shattered. Both | tween the river above mentioned and De Soto. these center divisions were pushed from their | Geo. N. Whait told me that they were afraid positions after a short and desperate resistance, that Cole might roll off the car while going and were hursed down the hill nearly to the | through the tunnel, and that the guards pinned banks of the creek. The wary old Kentuckian | him down with their bayonets. The last the imagined that he saw both Newton and Geary | writer saw of Shelby Cole was about daylight of the morning preceding the killing of Serg't sistance when to his astonishment the whole Treat. He lay stretched out a few feet east of scene was changed as if by magic. Newton's the railroad track at De Soto, covered up with line became firm as a rock, and, without another blankets and some straw for a bed. The next sign of wavering, continued to pour into the that we heard was that the matter had been reported to Gen. A. J. Smith, in command, and he was asked what should be done with the prisoner. The General's reply was: "Hang

him, --- it; hang him.' There is a small creek about 200 yards east of their pieces full at the right flank of the enemy, the railroad at De Soto, along which grow a few scattering trees. The writer, with some of with a tornado of shot and shell. The advanc- his company, was down there about 9 o'clock ing of the S5th III, and 32d Ind, caused an in- a, m,, and a new rough mound was pointed out dentation in our lines, which became a pit of | to him as the grave of the guerrilla spy, and death, into which hundreds of maddened rebels | it was said that there wasn't room for the grave without digging into the creek, and they had

Serg't Geo. N. Whait was living at Colorado stubbornly, without doubt saving the day for the | Springs, Colo., the last that I heard of him. I Union forces. It was just as Wood became con- would like to ask Comrade Booth if he is the man who lost his voice. I would like to ask Geary that his own line reached the edge of the | members of Co. H what the man's name was tableland I have described only to find itself that lived east of Independence, Iowa, when confronted at a distance of 30 paces with the he and his son enlisted. The father was supposed to have been taken prisoner in Tennesand the 32d Ind. in the advance, the tumult | see or Mississippi. Was he ever heard from? One more question: Who was the comrade who was a Sergeant, I think, who used to sing, musketry and which the fierce, indignant, de- "Take care of your money, my boys; take care fiant yell that each host hurled at the other. of your money " ?- George W. Hilling, Co.

HARTSUFF'S BRIGADE.

Comrade Shearer Claims that His Article on Antietam was Accurate.

the Picket Shots of June 16, I see that E. R. P. Shurley, of the 26th N. Y., forward, pouring the leaden hail full into each | ____ criticises my account of the action of Hartsuff's Brigade at Antietam, pubas both lines were-only 15 feet apart, and still lished in the issue of May 26, and also calls the hurled death into each others' faces. They truthfulness of the article in question. I did charged again, and the men intermingled and | not write the article from memory, but copied fought hand to hand! In places the lines the main facts and figures from Locke's Hiscrossed each other and wheeled round, only tory of the 11th Pa., and anyone that knows to renew the combat, the rebels facing Atlanta anything about the author, or his history, and we of the North facing Peach Tree Creek, knows that it is truthful, as it was written When the storm broke upon Willich, of from day to day as the war progressed. And Wood's Division, the 89th Ill. had advanced the rest of my evidence is from the account of upon its part of the line, and the veterans Geo. W. Smalley, the noted war correspondent of the New York Tribune. What we want in these articles is the truth, so that history may be verified, and not an insulting denial of the front of them were filled with fierce yells and facts in the case by some person who knows spurts of fire and whizzing missiles, as if each | nothing about what he undertakes to deny.

The one grain of truth in Comrade Shurley's article is that Ricketts's Division opened the flight. This I know, for my company was ordered out to skirmish as soon as we could see in the morning, and relieved the Bucktails as we advanced, and were ordered to our position in the line as soon as the rebel line of battle showed itself at the edge of the woods. As to how often we fought back and forth over that cornfield, any reliable history of the war will inform the comrade. As to the losses of the regiment and brigade, I have taken them from a reliable source and not from an age-affected

I would state that more than 3,000 men were enrolled in the ranks of the 11th Pa. during the war; less than 300 marched back to Camp Curtin for final discharge. We helped to make history. We have a right to write some of it.-ROB'T A. SHEARER, 11th

Pa., Lewis, Iowa. G.A.R. Badge as a Premium. J. W. Cole, Box 13, Benton, Ky., offers as a

letter on patriotism.

If any young, old or middle-aged man sufof his command, and the fiery, intropid Hood | fering from nervous debility, weakness, will inclose stamp to me I will send him the pre-He it was who knew of the gap between scription of a genuine certain cure free of cost.

FARNSWORTH'S DEATH. There was No Quarrel Between Him and

Kilpatrick July 3, 1863. THINK Alden Brown, Co. K, 2d Ill. Cav., gives himself away as much as those he criticises in repeating the senseless rot of charges of cowardice made by Gen. Kilpatrick to Gen. Farnsworth. I challenge any man living to say they heard any but courteous language between those two men on July 3, 1863. As a member of the staff of Gen. Kilpatrick I was in the presence of the two Gen-

all the conversation between them in regard to Gen. Kilpatrick's orders on the morning of he afterwards occupied, and fight hard. He moved out with Farnsworth's Brigade, quite a distance it was discovered that Custer was not following. When we reached our position nearly the whole staff were away looking for him. I heard Farnsworth say to Kilpatrick, "I think you should reprimand Custer severely." His reply was, "I hope it may not be necessary." Kilpatrick's order to Farnsworth was, "Put your brigade in and commence fighting till Custer comes up. I will

post the artillery (Elder's battery)." It was several hours before Kilpatrick learned that Custer had been ordered to Gregg, on the extreme right, and was beyond his reach. Farnsworth's Brigade being lightarmed, only a part having carbines, had exhausted their ammunition, and were nearly useless as an offensive force. Custer's Brigade all had carbines, mostly Spencer magazine repeaters.

The ground in our front had been well examined by both Generals, mostly in company, and was as well known to one as the other. Some time during the afternoon Gen. Kilpatrick said he was ordered there to fight, and then his troops had been taken away from him; and he asked Gen. Farnsworth what he thought of a charge. Farnsworth thought, from the nature of the ground and disparity of forces, a charge would be injudicious. The discussion was continued amicably and courteously at intervals for more than an hour. Gen. Kilpatrick did not claim it would result in any success, only as being the only method left to execute his orders. Gen. Farnsworth said, "I am willing to statement is correct. make the charge, but you must order it." Some time passed before Kilpatrick said, "There is no other way. Farnsworth, I order the charge made"; and to those who knew the General it was plain to see the order was a hard one to

Farensworth galloped away, and I never saw him again. Raised at one jump from Captain to General, he had been with us less than a week, but in that short time every man in his brigade had come to love him; every man in the division respected him, none more than Gen. Kilpatrick. The two men were not strangers; they had fought together many times steel. Kilpatrick would as soon have severed The next night we were ordered to board the Custer, his brigade commanders. He was of Harrow's Brigade, were killed within a few and where Cole was captured there is or was a their own addled brains. Why should be be he received the credit of their splendid fight-

Comrades, there was no quarrel between Gen. Kilpatrick and Gen. Farnsworth, July 3, determined Newton to remain behind his hast- cut off. It was here at the bridge that the and the latter died by the bullets of the enemy. -ELI HOLDEN, First Lieutenant, Co. C, 1st

> FOR SIMMONS'S EYE. A Comrade Takes Exception to Some of His War History.

BEGAN to read the articles in your paper contributed by William Simmons, Past Commander National Association of Navai Veterans, Philadelphia, Pa., with a deal of pleasure, but after reading the second paper (June 16), I stopped. Here was something that I knew about, and I made up my mind that if William Simmons didn't know any more about the rest of the 'Naval Squadrons" than he did about the part that the "North Atlantic" took in the Burnside Expedition, or that he hadn't read up any better, why, it wasn't any use wasting my time reading what he had to say.

Then comes the issue of August 25, and in that my friend William Simmons, this time as Corresponding Secretary, Gulf Squadron Survivors' Association, Philadelphia, Pa., pitches into another of your correspondents, Mr. C. D. Brigham, of Washington, D. C., because C. D. B. had referred to Gen. Butler as commanding the New Orleans expedition. He says, "Capt. D. G. Farragut commanded the expedition, and I embrace this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against any effort to rob the navy of any honors to which we are entitled, and I sincerely trust that the writers of war literature, to whom your columns are open, will confine themselves to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Shake, William; them's just my sentiments. Now, after reading this latter squib, and 'shaking" with William, I'm just going to try to show how ignorant, careless, and unscrupulous one of "the writers of war literature to whom your columns are open" can be and is; and I'm going for Wm. Simmons, P. C. N. A. of N. V. In this article of yours of June 16. he says: "The expedition entered Pamlico Sound Jan. 20, 1862, and two days afterward the troops, under Gen. Burnside, were safely landed, and all the arrangements made for a combined attack on the Confederate defenses." I know the troops didn't land until Feb. 7.

and then on Roanoke Island. He speaks of Burnside's troops under Gens. Foster and Reno," and does not mention Parke at all. There's gall in this next quotation: "A detachment of gunboats of the North Atlantic Squadron, commanded by Capt. S. C. Rowan, took possession of New Berne, N. C., about the

middle of March, 1862, and captured 13 loaded vessels." Well, William, where was Gen. Burnside and the others-Foster, Reno, and Parke, and about 10,000 troops-all this time? Were they looking on while this "detachment of gunboats" took possession of New Berne and the "13 loaded vessels"? By the way, there's nothing like

being accurate about those "13" vessels. I think there was another on the stocks, not quite But the "galliest" of all gall is displayed in the following statement, quoted exactly: "About the same time the gunboats Daylight, State of Georgia, Gemsbok, and Chippewa, commanded by Capt. Samuel Lockwood, capt-

ured Fort Macon and other defenses guarding the entrance to Beaufort, N. C." "Shake" again, William; you are one of the riters of war literature, to whom the columns of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE are open, and of course you will confine yourself to "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,"-

of course you will. Now the truth is that the four gunboats named above did not capture Fort Macon or anything near it.

March 23, 1862, Gen. Parke demanded the surrender of Fort Macon, which was refused by Col. White, commanding the fort. The siege of the fort was undertaken, and on the night of April 23 the batteries of eight and 10-inch mortars and the siege guns were in position for firing. Shortly after sunrise April 25 the firing began, and about 5 o'clock p. m. the enemy hoisted a white flag and firing ceased. and on the morning of the 26th at 9:30 a. m. the fort and garrison surrendered to Brig.-Gen. John G. Parke.

Here is what Gen. Parke says about the part the navy took in the bombardment: Owing to the high wind and rough sea it was mpracticable to communicate with the blockading fleet our intention of opening fire on the morning of the 25th. As soon, however, as the commanding officer, Capt. Samuel Lockwood. discovered our movements, he brought all his vessels into action, and for a time attracted the enemy's attention to such an extent as to greatly facilitate the officers in charge of the mortar batteries in correcting their range and length of fuse; but owing to the extreme roughness of the sea the fleet was compelled to

withdraw." And here is what Col. M. J. White, C. S. army, commanding Fort Macon, says: "At 6 a, m. on the 25th the enemy's land batteries opened upon the fort, and at 6:30 a. m. their vessels, consisting of three war steamers and one sailing vessel, commenced a cross-fire with rifle and 11-inch shell. The fire from both directions was immediately returned and at 7 a. m. the ships retired, one disabled and two others in a damaged condition."

It looks to me as if the navy didn't capture Fort Macon.

I hope everybody will take heed to the sol-emn protest of my friend, William Simmons, of rheumatism.

Philadelphia, Pa., and not make any efforts to rob the navy of any honors to which it is entitled, or to which any member of the N. A. of N. V.'s may lay claim for it. "Let us have peace."-WILL L. WELCH, Co. A, 23d Mass., Boston, Mass.

AT GETTYSBURG.

Troops at the Stone Wall, the High-water Mark of the Rebellion.

OMRADE J. R. DOBSON, 1st Pa. Reserves, in a recent issue of your paper, erals when together for considerable time berefers to the formation of Pickett's fore the charge was made, and believe I heard states, was as follows: Kemper's Brigade on July 3 were to move his division to the place | left, and Armistead's massed in the rear. The | section. Speculators are coining money in line moved rapidly, and the formation referred to was kept for at least three-fourths the disgiving Custer orders to follow. After moving | tance; but at that point the troops to the right point obliqued to the left. At that time the right brigade (Kemper's) covered the front of Harrow's Brigade, of the Second Division, Second Corps (Hancock's), and was within gunshot; the Confederates at that time falling rapidly from the effects of the fire from the Union muskets. When the oblique movement began on the

part of the charging Confederates, a similar

movement immediately, and without orders,

so far as the writer could observe, took place among the troops of Hancock's Second Corps. Your correspondent states that Kemper's Brigade, on the Confederate right, was met by Harrow's and Hall's Brigades, of the Second Corps-Union. If this be so, then these brigades must have also encountered at that point a portion of Garnett's Brigade, for the reason that the 1st Minn. captured then and there the flag of the 28th Va., one of Garnett's regiments. The statement that the attack on Kemper's right flank by the brigades of Harrow and Hall compelled the former to recoil and march by the left flank and mass in the rear of Garnett's Brigade is undoubtedly corthe forward movement the men became, like Helen's babies, "mixed up"; but it is as certain as anything can be that Comrade Dalton's

It was the spirited attack on Pickett's right that drove Kemper's Brigade to the rear of Garnett's and uncovered Garnett's right; then the blow fell on the Virginians. At that feet of the battery; one of them not more than 25 feet. It is safe to conclude that each flag represented a separate organization, as two were seldom carried by one regiment at that period of the war.

Your correspondent also states that a gentleman says he saw no dead bodies near the stone wall, except of men belonging to Webb's Bribefore. Each knew the other to be as true as | gade and a few batterymen; he may not have seen them, but they were there. Capt. Farrell his right hand as have insulted Farnsworth or | and a number of enlisted men of the 1st Minn.,

either Harrow's or Hall's Brigades that escaped without the loss of killed and wounded at that point-"the high-water mark of the rebellion." I have spoken for the 1st Minn. Who will and Hali's Brigades?-H. D. O'BRIEN, Co. E, 1st Minn., St. Louis, Mo.

SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED.

A Plea for the Men Who Hauled the Provisions and Ammunition.

N the midst of all the arrangements for the

Encampment of the G.A.R., such as corps, regimental and other Reunions. what provision is being made for the teamsters? I have a vivid recollection that there was such an individual connected with the different portions of that vast assemblage of citizen soldiers who were engaged in the laudable undertaking of putting down the rebellion and preserving the Union. But where is he now? What was he then, and what was he good for? I have some knowledge of one teamster who helped in assembling the troops for that "Burnside expedition" which first gave the Ninth Corps its prestige; that later, with the Pennsylvania Reserves advanced from Tennallytown to Langley and Dranesville, where the "Bucktails" received their "baptism of fire" and made of them the invincible "Reserves"; later was at Poolesville with supplies for the Pennsylvania Fire Brigade when they returned from Ball's Bluff; again with the 8th Ill. Cav. (one of the best from the State) at Port Tobacco. These were movements in October and November, 1861, to say nothing about the barrels of "salt horse" and pork hauled to and from the Postoffice Department, the potatoes and flour to the basement of the unfinished Capitol, the thousands of loaves of bread across "Long Bridge" to "Fort Runvon" and beyond, the relief taken to that "gentleman and Christian," Surg. Armstrong, of the N. Y. H. A., together with the mounting of the guns in the forts opposite and below Alexandriathey are not much, but they all show that the teamster was there. That teamster's personal observation leads him to this conclusion, that Gens. McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant while in the command of the Army of the Potomac did not always sleep in a house, but frequently occupied a tent, which they did not carry. He knows that Gen. Seth Williams did not carry in a knapsack all the Adjutant-General's Department of the Army of the Potomac. Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster; Gen. Clark, Chief of Staff; Gen. A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Topographical Engineers, would have been more effectually "stuck in the mud" than was Gen. Burnside in '62 had it not been for the teamsters.

That teamster could tell not only of the cordurcy roads of the Peninsula, but of the details made for hauling gabions and mortar beds, together with tons of ammunition, shell and solid shot, for the siege of Yorktown. He could also tell how Headquarters train, in covering the retreat of the 8th Pa. Cav., came near being captured at New Kent Courthouse. He is vain enough to think that Cos. A and E of the 4th U. S. Cav.; the 2d U. S. Cav., the Sturgis Rifles, and four companies of the 93d N. Y. could say a good word for the Headquarters

teamster at least. That teamster has some recollection of there being a few boxes of hardtack, a few bags of coffee, a few barrels of pork and beef, with now and then a bean, hauled around somewhere and somehow other than by rail, in such a manner

starve. in Virginia, the soldiers engaged at Gettysburg could not have carried the amount of lead they commanded at Charleston, S. C., in the Fall of debate the question in my mind whether I had shell, grape and canister, expended in the artiling of the amount used in other parts of the three days' battle, had there been no one else taking some part in that struggle but the officers and enlisted men.

Who was he? The peer of any man in the army; he was frequently one who had been rejected as a soldier on account of some physical defect, but was always an intelligent American citizen, embracing, as I know, the schoolteacher of the North, the printer, the mechanic, men from every walk of life, but all as patriotic and self-sacrificing as the man that shouldered the gun. Never a deserter; always at his post of duty, as subject to orders as the soldier. Well, what did he get? For pay from \$20 to \$25 per month. Must furnish his own clothing; no bounty, present or prospective; a chance to be shot at; as liable to disease and death as the soldier; often abused, seldom thanked (although thanks should not always be expected for doing duty), in the end discharged and cast aside as worthless and unworthy of further recognition.

Comrades, is this fair? You know you all could not be officers. Not every man was a Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan. Give each man his meed of praise, and count and recognize all who had a part in the great struggle, no matter how humble that part, as a comrade indeed .-ANSON S. TAYLOR, Justice of the Peace: Teamster No. 18. Headquarters Army of the Potomac.

Poor Dilapidated Toddlers,

Young-old men, thin, nervous, peevish, cranky creatures are daily met with. They should take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and strengthen their puny frames, freshen up their jaded appetites, tranquilize their tremulous nerves. We live too fast, that's the fact, and impair vitality early. The best tonic is the Bitters, which may be relied upon

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

Homes for Settlers.

Samuel H. Thomas, Co. H. 67th Ohio, Kimball, S. D., writes: "Southern South Dakota is line and the celebrated charge of his one of the very best locations for any one seek-(Pickett's) division. The formation, as he ing a place for a home, but during the last six months land has gone up wonderfully. The the right, Garnett's the center, Archer's the land is selling for \$1,000 to \$1.600 a quarter land. I would like to see many more exsoldiers come in and get farms and homes here while they are yet comparatively cheap, of the clump of trees and the battery at that | for better land the sun never shone on for crops of all kinds, and there is certainly no better country for stock." Scattering.

James Morrison, Cheselhurst, N. J., wants the poem "Gen. Logan at Peach Tree Creek." Thomas J. Denny, Lebanon, Ill., writes: A soldier of the late war with a record of over three years service, who is a professional gardener, is desirous of corresponding with some lady between 20 and 40 years of age, with a view to matrimony."

Fred. McDonough, Co. C. 3d U. S. Cav., Sheridan, Wyo., wonders why he does not hear from his old comrades.

Is the General Living? I. S. Padrick, Co. B. 24th N. C., Barco, Fla., writes: "Late in 1863 or the early part of 1864, one night, while my regiment was doing videt duty near Little Washington, N. C., and in sight of it, I, as Sergeant, was sent to guard the road that leads from Greenville to Washington, at a mill house. While there a Union soldier was taken trying to pass the guard. I kept that soldier two or three, perhaps four, rect. Some writers have endeavored to explain | days with me at his own request, rather than the presence of Garnett's forces on the extreme | send him away to headquarters. I treated him right of the Confederate line by saying that in | as I thought all prisoners of war should be the disorder and excitement which ensued in | treated. I learned from him that he had jumped off the train while going from Andersonville to Richmond, and that he was from Cincinnati. After the war was over, in June, 1865, I returned home to Onslow County, N. C., and I learned from some of my comrades who were home when Sherman's army passed through that a General in the army had been very kind to them, as he said, to pay for my moment there were not less than five or six | kindness to him. I gave him my address and Union flags at that point, and all within 75 | took his, but lost it, and hope if he sees this he will correspond with me."

> Wants to Return the Flag. Sheriff H. S. Sisk, of Parker County. Tex., was a Lieutenant in the 5th Tex. Cav., C. S. A. He says that during the Red River campaign, on the 18th of May, 1864, two days before the last fight at Yellow Bayou, he, with his company, captured Lieut.-Col. Striker, 18th Iowa Cav., and several of that regiment, at a sugarhouse, on picket; also a silk flag. Lieut. Sisk has the flag now, and would like to know if any of the boys who carried it are alive.

From a Bushwhacker's Grave George W. Droddy, Co. B, 9th Va., Lane's Bottom, W. Va., says: "I have a cane which I cut from the grave of Derry Conley, a notorious Confederate scout and bush whacker, who operspeak for the other organizations of Harrow's | ated in Calhoun, Roane, and Webster Counties, W. Va., and was a great terror to all Unionloving people within his range, many of whom he killed. He was killed late in the war in Webster County by a detachment of the 7th Ohio. I will present the cane to the comrade who killed him, or to the regment."

A Good Place to Settle. A comrade whose address is P. O. Box 285 Iola, Kan., having noticed recently items advising comrades to settle in the South, would advise them instead to come to southern Kansas, two Counties north of Oklahoma and the Cherokee Outlet. The climate is mild, very little snow or ice; long Summers, only two months of Winter. The land is rich, climate healthy, with good water, with no taxes to pay for rebel pensions. A full description of this section of Sunny Kansas will be cheerfully given by inclosing stamp. Two crops of corn and vegetables can be raised a year. Loyalty prevails in Kansas.

To Visit Harper's Ferry. B. Goodheart, Loudoun Rangers, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "As the columns of your valuable paper have so generously been thrown open to that always-interesting subject, 'Was Gen. Miles a traitor in surrendering nearly 12,000 troops at Harper's Ferry in September, 1862? the discussion has been so very full and interesting from all along the line that I trust the National Encampment will have a general excursion to that point during the week of meeting in Washington, and that all the old boys that are on this side of the final campingground will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit the place where they were so shamefully humiliated, and the stigma was not removed until the white-winged dove fluttered a peaceful benediction among the fragrance of the apple blossoms at Appomattox."

R. C. Knaggs, Manager of the Chicago Bureau of Information and Entertainment Company, 201 Lake street, Chicago, Ill., desires the address of Capt. Horatio G. Lombard, Adjutant of the 4th Mich. Cav. Capt. Lombard was a prisoner of war for nearly 24 months.

A Word to Their Credit. William T. Jobe, Greencastle, Pa., writes: In your issue of Aug. 25, I notice what appears to be an error in the history of the old Third Division, Fifth Corps. The historian has failed to mention, in enumerating Division Commanders, two of the most illustrious the army, East or West, produced. I have reference to Gens. J. F. Reynolds and Geo. G. Meade. Gen. J. F. Reynolds relieved Gen. Seymore at Harrison's Landing, immediately on his exchange as prisoner of war, and commanded the division in the second Bull Run campaign; Gen. Geo. G. Meade, in the Maryland campaign and at Fredericksburg. The historian may have considered the division as not a part of the Fifth Corps in these several engagements; but we were always known as the Third Division, Fifth Corps, and being temporarily detached did not make us at any time an independent command; nor did the taking of orders from more than the taking of orders from the commander of the army himself."

A Blue-Jacket's Correction. Charles Winters, Quartermaster U. S. steamer Monticello, White Lake, N. Y., writes: "In Admiral Goldsborough with commanding the that now and then a soldier, who kept out of North Atlantic squadron from the beginning Libby, Salisbury, and Andersonville, did not to the close of the war. I was there from June, 1861, and always believed that Commo-That teamster knows that, although the dore Stringham commanded us the Summer of other with lightning speed through my brain. fired, neither could the ammunition chests and 1861. The Monticello, on a roving commission caissons have contained the amount of shot and | South, captured a schooner near the coast of Georgetown, S. C., running down the coast lery duel before Pickett's charge, to say noth- toward Charleston, bound for Baltimore, Md. That was the time we came under Admiral woods. Goldsborough's command, who could not see his way clear, by the schooner's papers, and therefore set her free about dusk, with a northeast wind and drizzling rain in her favor to sail into Charleston with all the fleet's mail except the Monticello's. Our crew was warned by our Captain not to respond to the Admiral's signals to send the mail on board the flagship, so we lost our prize; but the rebs did not read our love-letters."

Getting Old, bet is Still Kicking. Josephus Rich, Co. D. 12th Mo. Cav., Dillon. Mont., says: "Of course I could do without THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, but I don't have to as long as I can dig up a greenback. I am getting old, but I can earn more than \$13 a month, the wages Uncle Sam paid me when I was 22 years old. Wake up, boys of Hatch's Division! you did your whole duty in helping take care of Hood while Sherman was going to the sea. Who says we did not take the first two batteries at Nashville?" Can't Tell a Lie.

John J. Bateman, Co. D, 70th Ohio, Cincinnati. O., says: "When I read the thrilling adventures the member of the 24th Ill. had with the blackbug and hardtack I think it no wonder some of my teeth are gone. He being a Western soldier like myself, (and it a wellknown fact that none of the Western boys ever told a lie-most of us had to go to the blacksmith to get our teeth rasped when we got home.) I am compelled to believe him. I think THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE one of the best papers and a soldier's true friend. I intend to continue reading it until I join my comrades at the Grand Review on the other shore. But I have not as yet read anything from my regiment. Come, boys, step to the front; let us hear from you; do not be silent readers any longer. to cure dyspepsia, liver and kidney disorders and Your army record has been honorable and you have been well led. I hope 1892 will be to the | THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Editor and all THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE readers a happy and prosperous year." Give Them Their Dues.

S. C. Miles, Co. E. 8th Wis., Stetsonville, Wis, writes: "The pension-haters throughout the country who are enjoying their full share of the fruits of the patriotic sacrifices of those who left their homes to encounter all hardships, exposures, and privations of the soldier to save the country from becoming, like France and Germany, weighed down by the expense of keeping all the able-bodied male population away from industrial pursuits, and maintaining them in immense standing armies to menace each other's peace and safety, seem to consider that the "tremendous pension appropriations" all go into the pockets of the penioners. If I am not wrong in my estimates it must cost from one to three million out of the pension appropriations for the one item of fees to the Medical Examining Boards throughout the country for the performance of their duties. As THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the soldier's most reliable medium for valuable information, will you kindly give its readers an approximate statement of the incidental expense of the United States Pension Office, the local pension agencies, and other incidental ex-

penses of the pension system." [This would be a job that would involve more labor than we care to undertake at the present time. - EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Wants to Hear From Crimean Soldiers.

Emanuel Constable, Bowling Green, O., says that he recently saw in our paper a statement from Comrade L. G. Camp, Co. G, 92d Ohio, in his new home in Scattle, Wash., stating that he met with a soldier who served in the Crimean war, and that the British Government was paying all such soldiers a pension of 624 cents per diem after reaching 50 years of age. I wish Comrade Camp would send me the Crimean soldier's address, as I would like to correspond with him or any other comrade who served in the Crimean war, in regard to pension, as I am 65 years of age, and served 11 vears in the British army in the 23d Royal Weschester Fusileers; was in the First Brigade, Light Division, commanded lastly by Lord Wm. Paulett. I would be glad to hear from any of the old Division. I was also in Co. K, 111th Ohio, and am a member of Wiley Post, 46, Department of Ohio, of which I am proud.

Information Asked and Given. Dr. Reubens C. Edgerton, formerly Assistant Surgeon 26th Ill., wants name and address of any comrade who was an inmate, either sick or as nurse, of the field hospital at Farmington, Miss., near Corinth, during the last half of May and to Jone 15, 1862. Address as above, at Altoona, Knox County, Ill.

John W. McIntyre, Selden, Miss., says that different members of a 90 days' company have forgotten by whom they were mustered into the service, and there is no record of their muster. They enlisted at Corinth, Miss., in the Fall of 1362, and served as guides, scouts, messengers, etc., with Gen. Rosecrans for three months. They were mustered at Rosecrans's headquarters and were discharged at Grand Junction, Tenn. He would like some comrade to help him out with this matter.

DOWN IN ARKANSAS.

A Hairbreadth Escape from a Terrible S the boys are relating thrilling adventures and heroic deeds of the war through the columns of your paper, allow me to contribute a bit of un-

ence of myo wn during the war.

proceed to my hairbreadth escape.

written history relating to a thrilling experi-

After the bloody 106th Ill., commanded by the gallant Col. Latham, had driven Johnston and his army from Mississippi and captured Vicksburg with Pemberton's army, and playing general havoc at Jackson, we started up the river on boats to take in out of the wet Pap Price and his army, who were strongly fortified at Little Rock, Ark., thereby wiping out the Confederacy-except, perhaps, a few skirmishes taking place on the Potomac, which the 106th concluded to delegate to the Eastern army to finish up. We landed at Helena, and started on a march across the country for Little Rock. This was some time in August, 1863. I now leave the 106th to their fate, and

We halted late one ovening, and went into camp in heavy timber with thick underbrush. The rebels were thick in the vicinity, especially in front, therefore I was a little "scary." I had been on picket the night before, and as I had honestly (?) come into possession of a good fat pullet during the day's march, I was feeling "bully," anticipating a good square supper and a quiet sleep in camp. Comrade G--- and I were getting supper on the same fire, when the Orderly-Sergeant started out to detail a picket. Comrade G--- was also feeling excelient, guessing from the jokes he was cracking and the amount of grub he was cooking. The detail for pickets commenced away up in the alphabet. It ran on down until it came to the Gs, and only one more was wanting. But as it happened, I now began to hear complaints of sickness, and as there was an extraordinarily long gap unfilled-an aching void, as it were-between the Gs and Ms, I became very uneasy; yet my jovial comrade, G--, stood between me and the picket-post. The credulous Orderly came up and called Comrade G. who was so full of life and mirth

cooking his supper. With amazement I beheld Comrade G. grasp the pit of his stomach, sink down and begin to moan. The good Orderly asked him what was the matter. Comrade G. got still lower and only grunted. He managed to say, however, that he had the colic. So the Orderly said: "Mac, report for picket duty."

I raked together my grub and other things, and reported. The picket-post was out a considerable distance in front. A road leading off in the dim distance through the woods was the only means of approach by an enemy. On this road we were stationed as pickets. The reserve post contained 12 or 16 men, and I as videt was stationed out in advance up the road 200 yards.

About 10 o'clock at night I took my position in front of a large pine tree at the side of the road. I was sitting down leaning my back against the tree, thinking about home and mother, when I heard the whole Confederacy, as I supposed, coming down the road, accompanied with the regular rebel yell, oaths, etc. Although it seemed far off I could distinctly hear the thunder of hoofs as they pattered on other than the Fifth Corps commander, any | the hard road, and the jingle of sabers, clatter of boots and spur. For a moment I listened, inactive. On they

came as a mighty whirlwind. I could even hear the heavy breathing and snort of the horses. My hair began to stand up straight. your issue of Sept. 1, C. D. Brigham credits I could feel the bill of my Government regulation cap parting company with the bridge of my nose, where it always wanted to rest. My heart came up in my throat; I was in an awful tremble. Thought after thought chased each better shoot without halting, and hide and let the army (106th) look out for itself, or halt, shoot and fall back in order, or lie still and let nature take its course while I hid in the Before I fully made up my mind, however,

> the mighty host was upon me. The crises had arrived, and what the fate of the army (106th) would have been, in my imagination, had I the time to deliberately determine on that occasion, will never be known, because before I had time to decide whether to shoot or hide, a rebel jumped upon my back and grasped me by each shoulder, while another ugly-looking whelp with a sharp fence stake danced gleefully by my side, evidently looking for the most vulnerable spot to stab me with his sharp pole. Now, my comrade, imagine yourself being stabbed with a roughly-sharpened fence stake, instead of being nicely bayoneted with a smooth, glistening, polished bayonet, and you

can, in a measure, realize my impending doom. The darkness prevented me from seeing more than a shadow. But the waving of the sharp pole in order to get a good chance at me was quick and to the point. It was a terrible moment, but with a superhuman effort I arose from my sitting posture and fired point-blank at the unprincipled wretch that was trying to stab me. At the fire the one on my back jumped off and ran away; so did the one I fired

Upon investigation, it turned out to be a coon and a dog. The dog had started the coon up the road, and the clatter of a mighty host was the two running down the road. The coon had iumped on my shoulders in order to climb the tree, while the dog wagged his tail for me to help him. At the fire the officer of the post came up, and complimented me for my bravery. The army was saved, and my cap took its accustomed place on the bridge of my nose .- A. McNamar, Co. K. 106th Ill., Farquhar, Cal.

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